

# The Athens Post.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

ATHENS, TENN., FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1853.

VOL. V.—NO. 255.

## TERMS:

THE POST is published every Friday at \$2 per year, payable in advance, or \$3, if payment is delayed until the expiration of the year. Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 12 lines, or less, for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year. Persons sending advertisements must mark the number of times they desire them inserted, or they will continue until for- bid and charged accordingly. For announcing the names of candidates for office, \$3, cash. Jon Work, such as Pamphlets, Minutes, Cir- culars, Cards, Blankets, Handbills, &c., will be executed in a neat and workmanlike manner, at short notice, and on reasonable terms. All letters addressed to the Proprietor, post paid, will be promptly attended to. Persons at a distance sending us the names of four solvent subscribers, will be entitled to a fifth copy gratis. No communication inserted unless accom- panied by the name of the author. Office on Main street, next door to the old Jackson Hotel.

## THE POST.

Athens, Friday, August 19, 1853.

THE Washington Republic publishes the following statement, important if true, among its Washington gossip:

Something is moving the political waters far southward. If I mistake not, the Admin- istration is making preparations to put itself in condition to negotiate for another strip of Mexican territory. I learn that all the dispo- sable force of the army not needed elsewhere, will be concentrated upon the Rio Grande at an early day. Some twelve or fifteen hun- dred additional troops will man the posts on our Mexican boundary as soon as they can be detailed from their present stations in Texas or on the Atlantic border. I venture the prediction that it will not be many months ere we have a new Mexican boundary line, running far below the Mesilla, and mark- ing a mountain range for much of the distance. If obtained fairly, and if no more is obtained than is necessary to give us a boundary such as we can defend against the Indians from within, or a more civilized enemy from with- out, the scheme will find many advocates among those who have heretofore been op- posed to territorial acquisition. Everybody knows that the present line is utterly indefensible.

The present Secretary of War, when the Mexican treaty was under discussion in the Senate, earnestly and wisely contended for a mountain boundary, urging that we could readily defend its position—while the bound- ary proposed, and agreed upon finally, would require a great standing army for its proper defense. The result has proved the wisdom of the position he then assumed, and I do not doubt he will use his influence now to correct the error as soon as Santa Anna wants money badly enough to sell.

LET ME SLEEP.—Let me sleep, said my companion, half pettishly turning from my couch. Let me sleep. The words haunted my memory for hours afterwards. How often has the wish been breathed in this weary world, O let me sleep.

The man whose conscience lashes him for misdeeds—evil committed and unrepented of—cries, as he drops his head into his thorny pillow, let me sleep—let me sleep—let me sleep. The mourner who has seen some bright and beautiful one fade from his em- brace, like a summer flower, plucked by a too early frost, lets his head sink into the pallid face of the prostrate form below him, and sighs in the agony of his soul, let me sleep—let me sleep—let me sleep.

THE OLD ATHENS.—Dead! and all his wealth not sufficient to bury him with proper decency. Dead, doubling to the last, poor old gray-headed Athenian!

Years ago his home was a palace. His daughters were beautiful; his sons stately and noble. He gloried in his wealth. His eyes stood out with fatness. It seemed hard to the poor Christians, and one was tempted to say, "It is better with the wicked than with the good."

But by these wet clouds, on which the rain drops dimly, lies his pine coffin. And the sexton strikes it with his shovel, and coarse jests profane the "garden of God."

"Poor Old Athens!" One daughter lies broken hearted in an early grave. One is a foreign land wanders under the weight of his curse. The young son, the "old man's darling," rots in jail; the other died drunk. All were Atheists. Prosperity kept them company long. Their ships sailed in safety. Their orchards were never neglected. Sick- ness waited on their beauty; care and dis- appointment left their hearts alone.

But to-day where are they, with the wealth and glory of prosperity? At it is true. "The mill of God grinds late—but it grinds to powder!"

AN INCHMAN MILLIONAIRE.—The eastern man is always noted for his shrewdness, and he begins early to attain this. How young he takes lessons we cannot say, but we must mention an instance. A boy, about eight years old, went into a shop to buy a penknife; he selected one.

"How much?" said the shopman. "Twelve cents," said the boy, laying down a shilling piece, "there is twelve and a half cents; I'll take the knife, and you may give me the half cent in fish hooks."

## TURKEY AND RUSSIA.

The following article is copied from the London Morning Chronicle of the 23d ult.: The violent alternations of hope and fear which have, day by day, deluded and dismayed the purveyors of foreign intelligence in London, Paris, Vienna and Constantinople, are by no means favorable to a calm consideration of the actual state of affairs. All the absurd tales about notes and counter- notes prepared by Austria—all the Russian lies about Turkey yielding—all the delusions attempted in every form and shape by the unscrupulous Russian agents—may deceive for a moment those who wish to be deceived on anything of the real grounds of quarrel between the Czar and the Porte. The actual state of facts is this: England and France, no doubt with the concurrence of Prussia and Austria, and of course with the approbation of the Sultan, have written to the Czar with an ultimatum of the most expostulatory character, showing the terrible results if war should arise, and urging the Czar to recede from his inadmissible demands.

Whatever journalists may say about the matter, the fact is clear that the Cabinets of France and England, beyond all civil regard, the occupation of the Principalities as a foul invasion, a casus belli, but knowing the fright- ful responsibility of doing anything rashly, they have hesitated to the last before the ir- revocable step of resisting by arms; and in- deed they place themselves, by this delay, in the false position of appearing to desert. The Sultan in his extremity, rather than act pre- cipitately, and not give the Czar his last chance of preserving peace. Whether whilst England and France are, wisely or not, tem- porizing in hopes of settling the quarrel, the Turks will not cross the Danube in large forces and enter Wallachia, as they have an un- doubted right to do by treaty, is another and very doubtful question. The news of the occupation of the Principalities by the Rus- sians has created a frightful excitement at Constantinople, and the population, eager to give battle, can scarcely be restrained.

The Russians have so completely occupied the Principalities, and taken upon themselves the executive and administrative authority, as to leave little doubt that they meditate a per- manent occupation. Indeed, they have plain- ly an eye toward the south, and with the troops of both the Czar and the Sultan, now exasperated against each other by religious animosity, the preservation of the peace is rendered very precarious. We purposely refrain from all speculation of the Czar.

The wisest men in the world must be whol- ly at fault, even to conjecture what his de- cision will be. One thing is certain, that neither France nor England can afford to stand shilly-shallying any longer. Delay must be fatal to the Turks, whilst on the other hand, a sudden irruption of the Asiatic hordes on the Russian frontiers, co-operating with Omar Pasha, and the combined fleets of Eng- land and France, might effectually check the march of the Russians.

THE COURSE OF THE ADMINISTRATION.—The New York Commercial Advertiser on what it calls the "unexplicable course" of Pres- ident Pierce's administration. The editor thinks—and a good many people think with him—

It is about time that the country knew something of the general principles, domestic and foreign, which are to guide that Administration during President Pierce's incum- bency of office; and yet in very truth, scarce- ly two of the Democratic papers seem to agree in their estimate of what will be the Administration's policy. The general embar- rassment on this subject is not a little increas- ed by the contradictory course of the Wash- ington Union, which claims, with what jus- tice we are not prepared to say, to speak the sentiments of the President and his Cabinet. One day that journal lauds Russia, and the next utters contrary sentiments—now it as- serts that the President will neither place nor retain in office a free soldier, and then endor- ses without qualification, the appointment of a gentleman notoriously a free soldier; it approved one day Governor Lane's proclama- tion, avowing his intention to seize upon the Mesilla Valley, and again condemned it as unwarranted; now it reads a Barnburner journal out of the party, and anon a Hunker un- til its readers are lost in its maze of contradic- tions.

THE amount of money in active cir- culation in the United States, is estimated in the Merchants' Magazine at \$259,477,257, which reckoning the population at 25,000,000, would make \$12 per head. It was \$11 in 1816, when there was an enormous paper currency afloat, and but \$5.50 in 1830. One third of the present currency is gold.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.—There are hun- dreds of idle young men who expect to keep themselves out of the work-house by marry- ing a fortune! They don't care for beauty or mind, but they idolize money. Beauty, mind and money make a rare combination; yet what are they worth when associated with a small spirit? Very, very seldom is it that women have a combination of all. A proposition for you reader. Men, who are men, will not marry for money, and hence, there being many such, there are many poor, but pretty and intelligent ladies, who get husbands, and good husbands. Only think of a man planting himself down, and look- ing on his wife's money. What a thing.

Rum is like death—it levels all dis- tinctions. A Member of Congress with "a brick in his hat," would as soon fraternize with a chimney-sweep as a foreign envoy.

WHERE ARE THE BACKWOODS?—The editor of the Des Moines Courier, a paper printed in the interior of Iowa, speaks of "an ab- sence of something over two months on our western frontier, where we have been trying some of the realities of frontier life."

## THE FEVER IN NEW ORLEANS.

We notice in the New York Herald of the 5th a letter from a committee appointed by the Howard Association, a charitable society in New Orleans, appointed for the purpose of soliciting subscriptions in behalf of their in- stitution. The letter says, the fever has be- come epidemic, and is more malignant in type than ever before known, the deaths being ful- ly seventy per cent. of all that are attacked. The members of this association are most active in their personal exertions to relieve suffering and the dying, but their means are becoming exhausted. The sum appropriated by the City Council is already gone, and they now rely upon the charitable to aid them in their noble work.

Accompanying the above, is a letter receiv- ed by the Rev. Dr. Hawks, which gives a vivid picture of the sickness, distress and suf- fering in that community which we subjoin.

Extract of a letter to Dr. Hawks, from one of the Episcopal clergy in New Orleans, dated July 27, 1853:

"Be this, no doubt, you have received notice of a resolution passed by the Howard Association, requesting your help. I feel confident that you will do all you can, and therefore shall not urge you, but will give you the true state and condition of affairs. Others may endeavor to make people believe there is no danger, while there is really at this moment raging one of the most fearful epidemics that was ever known. The fever is of a frightful type, nearly every case black vomit in eight or ten hours after the attack, and the mortality is unprecedented. Dr. J. L. who, you know, is one of the most eminent of our physicians, told me this day that there were more deaths than he ever knew of at any other period, and the suffering exceeds anything I have ever witnessed. I have this day visited forty-four persons sick with the fever, and by to-morrow do not expect to find ten of them alive. I am going from house to house, from one scene of the most appalling wretchedness only to see another, worse, if that be possible, than the last. Death is all around me, in his most frightful form—yet my duty is a plain one, not only to preach the gospel, but to help bodily the poor sufferer who has no friend. My dear friend, for God's sake help us. Get what you can, and remit it to me for the Howard Asso- ciation, (you know all about it, for you are a member), and the poor will bless you. This morning I went to a lonely little hut, and there found the father, mother and three chil- dren, only four days old, to her breast, striving to nurse it, while the black- vomit was actually streaming from her mouth. Such are the objects for which I plead. The mother is since dead, the babe is alive. I took it and got a black woman to be its mother; not one cent had these people. My friend, I could give you a great many similar cases of suffering, but I forbear; you will, I know, help us to help these poor dying creatures."

IMPORTANT DISCLOSURES.—Frauds in the Issue of Land Warrants, &c.—We learn from Washington, and incidentally in this city, (says the N. Y. Express of Saturday), that important information has recently been laid before the President, touching a long con- tinued series of frauds in connection with the issue of land warrants and bounties. The President has handed the subject over to the Secretary of the Interior, who is here, it is also said, partly in reference to the investi- gation of these frauds.

The time over which these transactions have extended, exceeds eighteen months.—The parties to the fraud are, as we learn there, a distinguished head of a bureau at Washington, a clerk of his, (both in Govern- ment employ), and a broker of not very ex- tensive reputation in this city. The parties at Washington are represented as having made some \$68,000 out of the transaction, and others here have made as much more.—We are not at liberty to give the names of the parties accused this morning, though they have been mentioned to us.

DEATH IN CHILDHOOD.—How true and ex- quisitely beautiful is the following impressive passage which is taken from an article in the Dublin University Magazine:—"To me, few things appear so beautiful as a very young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks so sublimely simple and confiding, amongst the cold terrors of death. Crimeless and fearless, that little mortal has passed alone under the shadow, and explored the mystery of dissolution. There is death in its sublimity and purest image, no hatred, no hypocrisy, no suspicion, no care for the mor- row ever darkened that little face; death has come lovingly upon it; there is nothing cruel or harsh in its victory. The yearnings of love, indeed, cannot be satisfied; for the prattle, and smile, and all the little world of thoughts that were so delightful, are gone forever.—Awe too, will overcast us in its presence, for we are looking on death, but we do not fear for the lonely voyager, for the child has gone, simple and trusting, into the presence of its All-wise Father, and of such, we know, is the kingdom of heaven."

THE Boston Post in an article in favor of cheap postage, says: "There is no more reason in requiring the Postoffice Department to pay its own expenses, than there would be in requiring our Mediterranean fleet to pay its expenses by bringing home raisins from Malaga, and figs from Smyrna." We think so too—cheap postage is as much a national affair as the defense of the country.

NOT VERY BAD.—The editor of the Erie Observer, a newly married man, said this to other day of his town contemporary: "The bachelor editor of the Gazette vents everybody to get up in the morning at four o'clock to hear the birds sing. For our part, we have better company than birds at that hour in the morning; hence, we shan't take his advice."

One half the unhappiness we have in this life exists because of too much sensitive- ness and a morbid disposition which allows trifles to weigh heavily on our minds. A tri- fling loss or inconvenience often causes more annoyance than a much greater sorrow.

## IMPORTANT NEWS FROM CUBA!

NEW YORK, August 10. The Herald of this morning has important intelligence from Cuba. It is stated that a demand or request had been made by the British Government for the appointment of a mixed commission, which commissioners are to be authorized to search the estates and all places in Cuba where new importations from Africa are supposed to be sheltered, and that the Spanish Government had given its assent to the proposition of England.

It is stated that the Captain General, pre- vious to receiving orders from his Government, had searched several estates from which he had taken a great number of negroes.

The present agreement between England and Spain, as proposed by the former, is as follows:—

1st. England consents to the importation into Cuba of apprentices from Africa, who shall serve ten years apprenticeship, at the expiration of which time they shall be free.

2d. A new census enumerating every slave now in Cuba, is to be made by the mixed commission, who are authorized to search every estate in the island, so that in future they can ascertain whether new slaves have been introduced.

3d. In fifty years from the acceptance of these propositions, and the ratification of the treaty based thereon, the present slaves in Cuba, and their children, are to be set free.

The passenger train on the Albany Rail- road came in Gulliver yesterday afternoon. Two cars of each train were smashed to pieces. Five persons were killed and twenty-three in- jured. Seven of the latter received serious injuries. A child of the Rev. Joseph Purvian, of Mississippi, had its thigh broken. The accident is said to be the result of gross neg- ligence.

Late intelligence received at Washington, from the fishing grounds, causes much uneasiness. Fifteen vessels have sailed from East- ern ports, fully armed, their crews resolved to fight if interfered with.

The steamship Illinois has arrived at New York from Chagres, bringing one million three hundred thousand dollars in gold dust. Advice brought by her from South America, represent affairs in that country as being in a very unsettled condition.

A train on the New Haven Railroad ran off the track last night killing the engineer.

The Cotton Market on Wednesday was dull, and prices unchanged.

THE POLICY OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.—A cor- respondent of the Courier des Etats Unis says that great apprehensions have been felt in Paris lest Bonaparte should adopt one of those sudden and violent resolutions, for which he is remarkable, and put an end at once to all propositions for peace. He has been very restless on account of the dilatory proceedings of the English Ministry; and very much dissatisfied at the aggressive move- ments of Russia. Count Nesselrode's note declaring that the Danubian occupation was induced by the advance of the English and French fleets, and would not be relinquished until those fleets retire from the Aegean, in- flamed him still more. If this Russian pre- tension that the waters of the Aegean are not free, be allowed, she will not only have bullied France and England, but gained a point more important to her future designs than the occupation of the provinces.

The New York Tribune says, on the question of Peace and War that "essentially there are but two Great Powers in Europe—Democracy and Russia; and the policy of the various Courts is controlled by their over- masterful fears of one or the other. When Democracy becomes rampant and aggressive, they take shelter under theegis of Russia; that danger apparently blown over, and the Autocrat attempting to reap his harvest while the weather is propitious, they recoil from his embraces and coquet a while with Democracy. And whenever the Continent shall again be shaken by the clearly impending convulsion, whatever may be the immediate issue, the ultimate harvest must be garnered by one or the other of the substantial belligerents."

THE TATTLE.—Solomon says, "where there is no tale bearer the strife ceaseth." Of all beings that lives, moves, eats, drinks and sleeps, we think a tattle is the most odious and contemptible. The thief may steal—the blasphemer may swear—the drunkard may get drunk—the incendiary may play the torch but the act is confined to a single lo- cality. But the tongue of the tattle sets on fire the whole course of nature—the world, and that not with the material torch, but with the fire of hell, that withers and blasts all the happiness of men—it seeks to close up every avenue by which peace might approach a community. It destroys the peace of both Church and State.—Every good man should shun a tattle as they would a trav- eling and incurable pestilence. Remember what Solomon says, "Where there is no tale bearer the strife ceaseth."

A man famous for hunting up enig- mas philosophized thus: What strange crea- tures girls are. Offer one of them good wa- ters to work for you, and ten chances to one if the old woman can spare any of her girls—but just propose matrimony, and see if they don't jump at the chance of working a lifetime for their virtuous and clothes. A queer way of estimating things.

They have great gals down East.—The Yankee Blade says of them: "A man who marries now-a-days marries a great deal. He not only weds himself to a woman, but a laboratory of prepared chalk, a quintal of whalebone, eight coffee bags, four baskets of novels, one poodle dog, and a lot of weak notions that will keep four servants girls and three doctors around the house the whole time. Whether the fun pays for the powder, is a matter of debate."

## DEATH OF COL. BLISS.

The Mobile Register of the 6th inst. says: "By a letter received from Gen. Twigg, dated at Pascagoula, yesterday morning at 1 o'clock, we have received the melancholy intelligence of the death of Col. W. W. Bliss, of the U. States Army, which had just occurred at that place.

This gallant officer was one of the most distinguished in our service, as well for his intellectual as his military qualities. During the Mexican war, he was the Adjutant Gen- eral to Gen. Taylor, serving in all the battles on the northern line of operations, and by his indomitable energy, his deliberate courage, and most of all, by the memorable despatches, identifying himself with the fame of his il- lustrations commander. Since the peace he has been recognized, both in and out of the army, as one of the most valuable and able officers in the service. Soon after the close of the war, he married Miss Betty Taylor, the daughter of the illustrious General; thus crowning his military career with the most signal evidence of the confidence and affection of his commander, who also constituted him his private secretary when elected to the Presidency, which he filled for so brief a period.

Col. Bliss, at the time of his death, was at- tached to the staff of Major General Twigg, and was with his headquarters at East Pasca- goula, when attacked with the bilious fever, of which he died. We noticed his illness yesterday, and the departure of Dr. Nott to render him medical aid, which proved unavailing. The letter of Gen. Twigg, an- nouncing the event, was sent by a despatch to Capt. Grant of the mailboat, to procure a coffin for the deceased, which, we presume, was sent down yesterday.

The news of the death of this distinguished officer, who, we believe, about 45 years of age, will be received with profound regret in all parts of our country. The nation will preserve and honor his memory.

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest, In all their country's wishes blest! When Spring, with dewy fingers cold, Returns to deck their hallowed mould, She there shall dress a sweeter sod Than Fancy's feet have ever trod."

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.—The Washington Republic gives the following incident in the fashionable life of that city. The victim, in this case, had a hard choice.

"MATRIMONY.—On Saturday morning we took the liberty of chronicling a few particu- lars of a 'matrimonial disappointment'—the parties a prisoner in the jail, and a woman who had brought a serious charge against him, which was the cause of his incarceration. He had reason to believe, as we have already stated, that if he should yield to a momentary solicitation, he would be restored to liberty. At first he consented, but afterwards came to the determination to ret in jail rather than forfeit his single blessedness. This was on Thursday, but in less than twenty-four hours afterwards he changed his mind, and expressed his willingness for the 'knot' to be 'tied.' Accordingly, the services of the priest- who was sent for on the first occasion—were called into requisition on Friday evening, when the nuptials were celebrated. The 'twain' had become 'one flesh,' and without waiting for the congratulations of the prison guard, they departed from the jail, an order having been previously procured for the husband's release."

AN ECCENTRIC TRADER.—In a great many settlements besides Plunketown, Plunketown county, out West, it is the custom to trade off corn for coffee, pork for pegged brooms, potatoes for tobacco, and many things else found around an agricultural distaff for whis- key. Joe Flummix, whose brave brother, ac- cording to the N. Y. Dutchman, lost his life in the explosion of the "Troy Horse Boat," went into Leatherstocking's grocery one morn- ing, with a bag of "Carolina beans," for sale or barter. The beans were duly measured—three pecks, good.

"Well," says Leatherhead, "Joe, what do you want to get?" "After, some pondering, Joe said, very de- liberately: "Squire, guess you may give me a quart of whiskey, anyhow."

"Well, now, Mr. Flummix, what next?" "Well," says Joe, "come to think of it over, guess you'd better put in another quart of whiskey."

In went another quart of "red eye," which fact being stated to Joe, and there still be- ing a little over on the beans, Leatherhead wanted to know the next order.

"Come to calculate it up, says Joe, 'most as well just give me the rest in whiskey."

EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.—The South- ern and western journals state that emigra- tion has received an additional impetus re- cently. The Galway Mercury says, "Emigra- tion seems to be on the increase of late in this part of Ireland. Amongst the large numbers who have left by the trains daily during the present week was a batch of Clad- dagh fishermen." The Limerick Examiner writes, "The rage of emigration is not only not abated in this port, but seems on the in- crease; every other day ships are departing with their fullest complement of passengers, and many are disappointed for want of ship- ping accommodation. There are about half- a-dozen fine emigrant ships now in port rap- idly filling, most of which will sail next week, full freighted with human burden." Londonderry, Cork, Sligo, and Waterford are sending out vessels with emigrants to Amer- ica. The high wages which the peasantry have been receiving since spring have enabled them to raise a sufficient sum of money to pay their passage to America. Those who are remaining in the country declare that, after harvest they will follow the train of so many of their countrymen.

We have received from Washington city the first number of a new paper entitled *The National Democrat*. It is edited by Freder- ick Schmidt, printed in the Dutch language, and is thoroughly abolition in its principles. Now as we can't read a word of Dutch, and have not a particle of use for abolitionism, we re- spectfully request Myndre Frederic Schmidt to send us no more numbers of it.—*The Na- tional Democrat*.

It is astonishing how rampant abolitionism is becoming since the election of General Pierce. The paper we have mentioned is an- other one of the fruits of that election.—*Massachusetts Republican*.

## FANNY FERN ON MONEY.

"Dollars and dimes, dollars and dimes," An empty pocket is the worst of crimes." Yes; and don't you presume to show your- self anywhere until you get it filled. "Not among good people?" No, my dear Simplicity, not among 'good people.' They will re- ceive you with a galvanic glow of a smile, scared up by an indistinct recollection of the 'ten commandments,' but it will be as short- lived as their stay with you. You are not welcome, that's the amount of it. They are all in a perspiration lest you should be de- livered of a request for their assistance, be- fore they can get rid of you. They are 'very busy,' and what's more, they always will be busy when you call until you get to the top of fortune's ladder.

Climb, man! climb! get to the top of the ladder, though adverse circumstances and false friends break every rung in it, and see what a glorious and extensive prospect of human nature you'll get when you arrive at the summit! Your gloves will be worn out shaking hands with the very people who didn't recognize your existence two months ago. You must come and make them a long visit! You must stop in at any time, 'you'll always be welcome!' It is such a long time since they had the pleasure of a visit from you that they began to fear that you never intended to come; and they'll expel the elixir by inquiring with an injured air, if you are near-sighted, or why you have so often passed them in the street without speaking?"

Of course you feel very much like laughing in their faces, and so you can. You can't do anything wrong, now that your pocket is full! At the most, it will only be an 'accidentality.' You can use any body's neck for a foot-stool, bridle any body's mouth with a silver bit, and have as many 'golden opinions' as you like. You won't see a frown again, between this and your tomb stone! FANNY FERN.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—HONESTY.—The man who would steal a pin, would per- form the same operation on a crowbar, were it as easy of concealment. The man who steals not from fear of the mill for out- rigger, the highwayman for the latter has a good quality, the former lacks—courage. Honesty is in the heart, and not in the fingers; it is a natural and not a cultivated habit. There are no gradations in roguery—all who over- step the charmed line of honesty bear the stamp. Honesty is the half-way house to piety; and it is there the fatigued wayfarer, on his journey of competition, laces rest and re- freshment. Honesty may be regarded for a season, but the sound heart that beats 'neath the tatters feels a contempt for well dressed roguery as he passes, and a confidence in the path before him. The man who makes not a sacrifice in the cause of honesty is but a bubble on the dirty water of roguery, that sooner or later bursts, and forms a part of the filth.

THE OLD ATHENS.—Dead! and all his wealth not sufficient to bury him with proper decency. Dead, doubling to the last, poor old gray-headed Athenian!

Years ago his home was a palace. His daughters were beautiful; his sons stately and noble. He gloried in his wealth. His eyes stood out with fatness. It seemed hard to the poor Christians, and one was tempted to say, "It is better with the wicked than with the good."

But by these wet clouds, on which the rain drops dimly, lies his pine coffin. And the sexton strikes it with his shovel, and coarse jests profane the "garden of God."

"Poor Old Athens!" One daughter lies broken hearted in an early grave. One is a foreign land wanders under the weight of his curse. The young son, the "old man's dar- ling," rots in jail; the other died drunk. All were Atheists. Prosperity kept them com- pany long. Their ships sailed in safety. Their orchards were never neglected. Sick- ness waited on their beauty; care and dis- appointment left their hearts alone.

But to-day where are they, with the wealth and glory of prosperity? At it is true. "The mill of God grinds late—but it grinds to powder!"

AN INCHMAN MILLIONAIRE.—The eastern man is always noted for his shrewdness, and he begins early to attain this. How young he takes lessons we cannot say, but we must mention an instance. A boy, about eight years old, went into a shop to buy a penknife; he selected one.

"How much?" said the shopman. "Twelve cents," said the boy, laying down a shilling piece, "there is twelve and a half cents; I'll take the knife, and you may give me the half cent in fish hooks."

The shopkeeper accordingly gave the boy the knife, and one fish hook for the half cent with the remark "that he would do."

If you have been in company with an idle person once, it is enough. You need never again. You have heard all he knows. And he has had no opportunity of learning anything new; for idle people make no im- provements.

A Western writer, in speaking of a new play, just written by a gentleman of Cin- cinatti, says:—"The antics are admirably observed—the dullness which commences with the first act, never flags for a moment till the curtain falls." That's a puff as is a puff.

By a census just taken, the popula- tion of Prussia is 16,935,120—which gives 3,318 inhabitants to a mile square. Since the last census in 1816—the increase has been 601,233.

Strangers are advised to keep away from New Orleans until the white frost of fall announces the final departure of the yellow fever from that city.

## ALLEGED FILLIBUSTERING MOVEMENTS.

The Washington Republic publishes the fol- lowing statements, important if true, among its Washington gossip:

Something is moving the political waters far southward. If I mistake not, the Admin- istration is making preparations to put itself in condition to negotiate for another strip of Mexican territory. I learn that all the dispo- sable force of the army not needed elsewhere, will be concentrated upon the Rio Grande at an early day. Some twelve or fifteen hun- dred additional troops will man the posts on our Mexican boundary as soon as they can be detailed from their present stations in Texas or on the Atlantic border. I venture the prediction that it will not be many months ere we have a new Mexican boundary line, running far below the Mesilla, and mark- ing a mountain range for much of the dis- tance. If obtained fairly, and if no more is obtained than is necessary to give us a boundary such as we can defend against the Indians from within, or a more civilized enemy from with- out, the scheme will find many advocates among those who have heretofore been op- posed to territorial acquisition. Everybody knows that the present line is utterly indefensible.

The present Secretary of War, when the Mexican treaty was under discussion in the Senate, earnestly and wisely contended for a mountain boundary, urging that we could readily defend its position—while the bound- ary proposed, and agreed upon finally, would require a great standing army for its proper defense. The result has proved the wisdom of the position he then assumed, and I do not doubt he will use his influence now to correct the error as soon as Santa Anna wants money badly enough to sell.

LET ME SLEEP.—Let me sleep, said my companion, half pettishly turning from my couch. Let me sleep. The words haunted my memory for hours afterwards. How often has the wish been breathed in this weary world, O let me sleep.

The man whose conscience lashes him for misdeeds—evil committed and unrepented of—cries, as he drops his head into his thorny pillow, let me sleep—let me sleep—let me sleep. The mourner who has seen some bright and beautiful one fade from his em- brace, like a summer flower, plucked by a too early frost, lets his head sink into the pallid face of the prostrate form below him, and sighs in the agony of his soul, let me sleep—let me sleep—let me sleep.

THE OLD ATHENS.—Dead! and all his wealth not sufficient to bury him with proper decency. Dead, doubling to the last, poor old gray-headed Athenian!

Years ago his home was a palace. His daughters were beautiful; his sons stately and noble. He gloried in his wealth. His eyes stood out with fatness. It seemed hard to the poor Christians, and one was tempted to say, "It is better with the wicked than with the good."

But by these wet clouds, on which the rain drops dimly, lies his pine coffin. And the sexton strikes it with his shovel, and coarse jests profane the "garden of God."

"Poor Old Athens!" One daughter lies broken hearted in an early grave. One is a foreign land wanders under the weight of his curse. The young son, the "old man's dar- ling," rots in jail; the other died drunk. All were Atheists. Prosperity kept them com- pany long. Their ships sailed in safety. Their orchards were never neglected. Sick- ness waited on their beauty; care and dis- appointment left their hearts alone.

But to-day where are they, with the wealth and glory of prosperity? At it is true. "The mill of God grinds late—but it grinds to powder!"

AN INCHMAN MILLIONAIRE.—The eastern man is always noted for his shrewdness, and he begins early to attain this. How young he takes lessons we cannot say, but we must mention an instance. A boy, about eight years old, went into a shop to buy a penknife; he selected one.

"How much?" said the shopman. "Twelve cents," said the boy, laying down a shilling piece, "there is twelve and a half cents; I'll take the knife, and you may give me the half cent in fish hooks."

The shopkeeper accordingly gave the boy the knife, and one fish hook for the half cent with the remark "that he would do."

If you have been in company with an idle person once, it is enough. You need never again. You have heard all he knows. And he has had no opportunity of learning anything new; for idle people make no im- provements.

A Western writer, in speaking of a new play, just written by a gentleman of Cin- cinatti, says:—"The antics are admirably observed—the dullness which commences with the first act, never flags for a moment till the curtain falls." That's a puff as is a puff.

By a census just taken, the popula- tion of Prussia is 16,935,120—which gives 3,318 inhabitants to a mile square. Since the last census in 1816—the increase has been 601,233.